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CONDITIONS.

THE CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

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AND

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MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

From the London Baptist Magazine.

Extract of a letter from Rev. Mr. Pearce, dated

Calcutta, October 12, 1829.

"You will be happy to learn, that my health

and that of Mrs. P. improved from the time

we came into Calcutta, and that we have

experienced other sickness during the rains, which

we now to appearance ceased; so that God

has mingled great mercies with our afflictions.

I expect now to return to Chitpore in three

four days, and with renewed hope and

strength to re-enter on our beloved labours.

A great deal of ill health has prevented Mrs.

from doing what was in her heart to do.

She has, notwithstanding, acquired some know-

ledge of the Bengalee, and sufficient to enable

her to take charge of native female schools,

and she has of all situated in the vicinity of

Calcutta, since the departure of Mrs. Yates

February last. Of my own labour I have

to say. The respective branches of it

have been attended to as opportunities have

presented, i. e. English preaching, native Chris-

tian native school, Christian native school,

and native preaching. The word of God has

been blessed to one individual, a native female,

and shortly I expect to baptize. She is the

first person I employ to read the scrip-

ture from place to place, and ascribes her

conversion to the word of God, which she has

heard in the sermons delivered to the natives

since her residence at Chitpore.

During the last three months, the Calcutta

mission have had the joy of receiving into com-

munion eight natives, six of whom were from

peasantry of the villages to the east and

south of Calcutta, of the remarkable

conversion among which, in favour of the Gos-

pel, you have already heard. Some of these

people come from a distance of thirty

miles to hear the Gospel on the Lord's-day.

These fields appear so promising, I hope

to direct my feet thitherward, in company

with my brethren: and may the Lord of the

best bless his word abundantly.

But Christian missionaries cannot long expe-

rience success, without having to contend with

opposition, excited by the powers of darkness.

Persecution has begun to try the faith and cour-

age of missionaries and converts. The Ju-

dahs, or landholders, seem generally to be

convinced the utmost hatred against the

Gospel, through fear, in all probability, of in-

jury to their worldly interests; hence, for some

years past, the Christians on their estates have

various ways been made to feel their displea-

re; but recently, not being satisfied with de-

stroying them, they have proceeded so far

as deliberately to murder one of the Chris-

tians; and to render the act the more effect-

ually preventing the evil dreaded, they select

their victim one of the native preachers.

A person whose life has been taken away

named Ram-Kishore, and had been a

professor of the Gospel about twenty-four

years. He was in connexion with Serampore.

As it may appear, little notice has been

given of this dreadful affair, but where the

evil lies I cannot say; yet in consequence of

the Sunday last, in the same villages, a young

man, Mr. Robelholm, also in the employ of Se-

rapore, was attacked by about a hundred men

armed with clubs. After being thrown down

and bruised a good deal, he by some means or

other effected his escape. Where these things

are the Lord only knows. I hope mis-

sionaries will have wisdom and grace to con-

duct themselves in a becoming manner in the

face of these trials. You will be sorry to

learn that Mr. Robinson is at present laid aside

many places like the mountains of Gilboa, on

which neither rain nor dew descended.

The various benevolent societies which ad-

orn the age, in which evangelical Christians

of every denomination are so happily united,

have been well sustained the past year.

Our churches have entered universally with

becoming spirit into the grand and thrilling

measure of supplying the United States with

Bibles, in two years.

The Tract cause has been greatly prospered.

The plan of monthly distribution of Tracts

which has been adopted with singular success

in the city of New York, has been carried into

effect in other cities and towns, and will doubt-

less become general.

Vigorous efforts have been made in many

parts of the church to rescue the Sabbath from

desecration. The most virulent opposition has

been manifested from without. Whether in all

cases the measures adopted have been the

most judicious, or whether the best spirit has

always been exhibited in executing these mea-

sures, the assembly do not pretend to affirm;

yet it deserves to be repeated and should nev-

er be forgotten by the churches, that the weap-

ons of our warfare are not carnal, but spiritual;

that tenderness and humility are perfectly con-

sistent with, and should ever characterize un-

shrinking fortitude and moral heroism.

Bible classes and Sabbath Schools, those

nurseries of the church, have greatly increased,

and the seal of God's Spirit has been stamped

upon them. May they be multiplied a thou-

sand fold, till all our children and youth shall

be brought under their powerful and dissolving

influence.

The monthly concert for prayer on the first

Monday of each month, is now almost gener-

ally observed, though not with the interest or

so numerously as could be desired. The con-

cert of prayer for Sabbath Schools on the se-

cond Monday of each month is also become

more general. These seasons of prayer and

almsgiving keep the great object of Christian

benevolence distinctly before the Churches;

here the power is applied which moves the

wheels of this great moral machinery that is

to convert the world.

FRIENDLY CORRESPONDENCE.

The following extract of a letter under date

of March 22d, 1830,—from the Rev. Joseph

Price, of Alcester, England, to the Editor of

the Star and Index—will be read with inter-

est.—Col. Star.

"I sincerely wish it were in my power to

send you a return of intelligence—any thing

like the cheering and delightful contents of

your letter in reference to the conversion of

sinners. But no such large additions are made

to the churches around us. The wilderness is

cultivated to a considerable extent, and the

laborers are not few; yet it seems to retain its

barrenness and sterility, and the disappointed

husbandman retires in secret to cry 'who hath

believed our report,' &c. Such indeed have

been the case till the spirit be poured out from

on high. Then the desert shall become as the

garden of God. For this blessing we are yet

earnestly praying, nor shall we always seek in

vain—the Lord will arise and have mercy on

Zion, and the time to favor her, even in Brit-

ain, shall yet come. In the principality of

Wales much good, in this respect, has been

experienced during the two past years, and

many have been added to our churches, as well

as the Independents, &c. Some particulars

of the amount of additions you may perhaps

have seen in the supplementary No. of the Bat-

tist Magazine for last year. What has made

these additions the more pleasing and satisfac-

tory is, that they have been made without any

noise and ostentation. This fact has rather as-

tonished many of us, because we had not heard

the least intimation of such a work being in pro-

gress. We rejoice also in the success granted

to our missionaries in the West Indies, espe-

cially Jamaica, of which you doubtless have

frequent accounts. May the time soon arrive

when our unworthy land shall be thus visited

with the life giving streams of Divine influence,

so that we may not come behind in any gift or

blessing, so abundantly bestowed on other

parts of our globe. While we rejoice with

you and continually offer our prayers to God on

your behalf, we humbly claim and earnestly

request your supplications for us. Never,

amidst your joys, forget the state of Britain,

the land so highly favored of God through

many generations."

From the Tract Magazine.

Sketch of the Address of Rev. James M. Abey, of the

Baptist Church, one of the Society's Agents at the

West.

I have come, Mr. President, from the West

—from the Valley of the Mississippi—to return

to you the thanks of thousands, and tens of

thousands, for your benevolence in sending to

them Agents to form Tract Societies and gra-

tuitously distribute Tracts. They needed just

such an effort. They have manifested their

extent of destitution is a very delicate subject

to be touched by an Agent; for such is the

pride of human nature, that people do not rel-

ish the report that calls them destitute, even

when their supply amounts only to week-day

preaching once in a month, and when the per-

son who ministers to them only "darkens

counsel by words without knowledge."

I supplied with Tracts a neighborhood, in

which there were 10 or 15 families. They did

not know in what County they lived. They

did not pay taxes; perform military duty; or

work roads. A few of them could read. They

received Tracts with avidity, and hailed the

presence of a minister with joy.

In a neighborhood in which they had no

regular Sabbath preaching, the people attended

with much seriousness to the preaching of our

Agent and to the Tracts distributed. In that

neighborhood was a gentleman who, previous

to my visit, had been all devotion to "the sports

of the turf." A few weeks ago, as I visited this

neighborhood again, he walked a mile or two

with me to tell me what the Lord had done for

him and his. "O," said he, "I shall have

cause to bless God to all eternity for sending

you here." He told me that he became deep-

ly impressed with his own situation, and deter-

mined to submit immediately to Jesus. He

went home to his family with a deep sense

that he had neglected their souls. But how

to unfold to them the burden of his mind he

knew not. When evening came, he thought

he could not again retire with his family with-

out praying with them. After traversing the

room for some time, with the Bible in his hand,

he thus addressed his family:—"O my wife!

O my children! I have neglected your souls.

But now I wish to pray with you. I wish you

to go with me in the service of the Lord." A

few days after, (at Christmas) his daughters

were invited to a ball. They answered, "We

cannot go." Ah! their father had been pray-

ing with them. Now the father, the mother,

and the two daughters (all of the family that

are of mature years) are rejoicing in a good

hope, and are professors of religion. A num-

ber of others in the same neighborhood have

been brought to the Saviour, and have obtained

regular preaching.

Frequently, after leaving a neighborhood, I

have received letters, informing of the Divine

blessing on these humble labors, and request-

ing my return. One individual wrote me near-

ly in these words: "I take up my pen with a

joyful heart, praising and blessing God that

he ever sent you here. I was then crying

peace, peace, when sudden destruction was

nigh. Afterward I heard you preach from the

text, 'To-day after so long a time, if you will

hear his voice, harden not your hearts.' You

told me my time had been long; but, bless the

Lord, this was my day. I trust I have a peace

with God that passeth all understanding. I

now am enabled to go on my way rejoicing."

In a letter received from six ladies in the same

county they say, "We have met this day in or-

der to inform you of the success of your labors.

We were in the gall of bitterness and bond of

iniquity until you warned us of our danger.

We thank God for sending you, and you for

coming, and leading us in the way everlasting.

O, dear Sir, we think there is a great work

for you to do in this part of Zion; for the harvest

truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few."

POETRY.

THE CHRISTIAN'S FUNERAL HYMN.

BY THE REV. E. CUSHMAN.

Hark, the voice of injured justice,
Sinners, listen, weep and mourn;
Man is fallen; God, offended,
Bids his awful fury burn.

Turn ye rebels—
To your kindred dust return.

Hark, the groans of suffering nature,
Sinking by its load of pain;
To the dismal tomb is hast'ning
Never to return again.

And the Spirit,
Doom'd to everlasting chains.
"Hark, the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See, it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth and veils the sky.

It is finish'd—
Hear the dying Saviour cry."

Hark, the songs of raptured converts,
Ransom'd by their heavenly King,
Sins forgiven, Death is vanquish'd—
Nature wakes to join and sing.

Songs of triumph
To the mighty Conqueror bring.

Hark, the strains of yonder music,
Mingling songs with dying sighs;
'Tis the voice of the believer,
Bound to mansions in the skies,
Soft reposing in
Till his God shall bid him rise.

Hark, the eternal Judge descending,
Rends the heavens, cleaves the tomb,
Angel's voice, with trumpet sounding,
Bids the ransom'd millions come.
Christ the Saviour
Bids his Saints the welcome home.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

THE SUBSTITUTE FOR HAPPINESS.

Peace may be the lot of the mind
That seeks it in meekness and love,
But rapture and bliss are confined
To the glorified spirits above.—COWPER.

In ordinary affairs, it is generally considered that he who makes a thing, best understands the nature and construction of it; we allow man to rule and arrange every thing over which he has exercised a creating influence, and only deny the same privilege to God. He who made that wondrous thing the soul, gave to it the various pulses of hope, and fear, and affection, all its energies, and all its powers—this Being we deprive of his prerogative and bid away from the work of his own hands. He made our minds, but he does not understand their workings; he wove our souls into existence, but he cannot fathom their depths; he gave the heart its longings after happiness, but he cannot make it happy! Will! and even blasphemous as these assertions read, we all act more or less on the belief of them. Why else do we long after forbidden pleasures, walk in restricted paths, and deem his commandments grievous?—With the waywardness of childhood escape from his presence, but not with the docility of childhood return to him when called? Why else do we term evil good, and good evil, and put bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter? And why, when he has told us what is really to be desired to satisfy our souls, and to make us wise, do we turn a loathing ear to the words, and pursue our own devices till we perish? In nothing is this more clearly seen than in the neglect, if not absolute scorn, with which we treat the peculiar promises of the New Testament, that which contains within itself the germ of all its other blessings, present and eternal; yet the person who gave the promise, the circumstances under which it was given, and the numerous benefits of which it was the pledge, combine to render it equally remarkable. It has all the affecting characteristics which can stamp value on a bequest;—supreme love on the part of Him who gave, and supreme need on the part of those destined to receive. It was the farewell promise of a master about to leave his followers alone in a persecuting world; of a friend who felt that nothing but his spirit could atone for the loss of his presence; of Him, who, knowing what was in man knew what man most needed, and said, not like the world but like himself;—"PEACE I give unto you." It is a word cold and unmusical in the ears of most, but those who can discern the spiritual value of things, hail it as the watch word of heaven; to the hearts that have been tried by the storms of this world, and purified by the spirit descended from above, there is no void in the fulness of glory. It is not like many other promises, insulated and individual, but rather the summing up and the completion of all; inclusive in its nature, universal in its extent. Man, the subject of its influence, is a fallen, frail, variable being, placed in a world of suffering and temptation, where nothing either of pain or of pleasure continueth at one stay. He is a shadow in a land of shadows, an evil doer in a region of evil. His aspect is multifarious, and his needs are correspondent. Pardon for sin, strength for duty, steadfastness in trials, comfort in tribulation, and hope in death, are indispensable; and these are his possession, whatever else he knows, he knows not peace,—that peace which is not the common-place, simple thing we ordinarily imagine, but a blessing of combinations, a crown of many jewels.

Many reasons may be given, why, notwithstanding its worth, this blessing is little attained and less esteemed. In the first place, it is generally misunderstood. We attach to it merely vague and soothing images of animal tranquility and mental quiescence, both of which being, as we presume, opposed to intellectual energy and excited spirits, strike us in no very exalted point of view. When we are melancholy, indeed, we love the dying grandeur of a summer sunset, or the whispering of the wind among the forest trees, or a pensive strain of music; and when fatigued with labor, we love an hour of bodily repose, or even of mental vacancy; at such times we acknowledge the power of what we consider peace, but our

esteem for it subsides with the mood and the occasion. The young and the highly gifted are strong in the untried resources of their natures. Tumult either of thought or action, of emotion or employment, is their favorite element; repose, as a habit, they can only tolerate in the distant horizon of life, perhaps only in that of Heaven, and to many ardent minds Heaven itself appears a joyless paradise. They pant like the war-horse for the battle, and like the wild ass of the desert despise the cry of the driver. But what if one were to tell them that the peace which forms the prominent promise in the Gospel of Christ, is nothing like the peace which they picture to themselves; that it is no dull stagnant principle, no mind-destroying influence, no idle, dreaming spirit, foreign alike to intellect and enjoyment? They may be told so with truth. It implies, indeed, a ceasing from all controversy with God, from all opposition to his will; it implies an acquiescent habit of soul,—the absence of all that is tumultuous in joy, and turbulent in will, and wayward in spirit; but it is a calm consistent with free and active exertion, a quiet that leaves the highest faculties of the highest mind, room and leisure to expand; "it is a repose like the repose of nature, like that of planets in their orbits," a repose like that of seraphs,

"That sing, and singing in their glory move."

PICTURE OF A RELIGIOUS FAMILY.

In a letter to an intimate friend, Dr. Payson says, "I will give you a sketch of our family way of living, that you may adopt it if you please. In the first place we had agreed that if either of us says a word, which tends in the least to the discredit of any person, the rest shall admonish the offender; and this has entirely banished evil speaking from among us. In the next place, we are careful especially in the early part of the day, as at breakfast, to converse on nothing which is inconsistent with a prayerful frame. Christians, I believe, generally think they do pretty well, if they pray twice a day; but I see not why we are not just as much commanded to pray without ceasing, as to pray at all. We sometimes, however, allow our minds a little relaxation at dinner, by conversing on other subjects, than those which are strictly religious. At the beginning of the evening, before the candles are brought in, if I am at home, which is not very often the case, we all sit down and take a little tour up to heaven, and see what they are doing there. We try to figure to ourselves how they feel, and how we shall feel, and what we shall do; and often when we are trying to imagine how they feel, our own feelings become more heavenly; and sometimes God is pleased to open to us a door in heaven, so that we get a glimpse of what is transacting there; and this fills us so full of impatience that we can scarcely wait till death comes to carry us home."

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

I DON'T KNOW HOW TO BE USEFUL.
"I don't know how to be useful," said Emily Wilmoat, as she sat reading a little book that urged every one to do good in some way or other. "I wish to do good, I am sure," said she, "but I don't know how to be useful."
Now at the time that Emily said this, she sat in a very handsome apartment; the window curtains were very elegant; a sofa and a piece of music stood in the room, as well as a beautiful book case. Emily had money in her pocket; plenty of tracts and small books, to give away when she thought proper; and clothes that she never intended to wear again. Her parents were very indulgent to her, so that she might have done good in the neighborhood in a hundred ways; but alas! though she knew much, she knew not God; though she possessed many things, she possessed not that love towards others which all feel who truly love their Lord and Saviour. No wonder then that Emily should say to herself, "I don't know how to be useful."

O! what a mercy it is, to have the love of God in our hearts! how it disposes us to be kind and useful to others; and to forgive them their trespasses as God, for Christ's sake has forgiven ours.

If any one among my readers should say, like Emily Wilmoat, "I wish to do good, but I don't know how to be useful," let it be remembered that it is not having abundance that enables us to do good, so much as having the will to be useful. One person may have much, and part with nothing; another may have little, yet with that little be very useful: for the least thing we bestow, and the least action we perform, with a proper motive, is not in vain. A cup of cold water given to a follower of Christ in his name, shall not lose its reward.

Betsy Turner lived in a thatched cottage, with a little plot of garden ground at the back of it. She had no sofa, nor piece of music, nor book case. She had neither money in her pocket, nor clothes to give away, and her mother, with whom she lived, was very poor; but Betsy had a heart that loved God and delighted to do a deed of kindness to another. I will give you an account how she spent one of her summer days.

She awoke very early, and thought to herself, "O! how many things I could do to make myself useful, if I had the time; but the day would not be long enough to enable me to do them: however I must not waste my time by complaining that I have no more of it." So up she jumped, and was dressed in a few minutes. Kneeling down by the side of her little bed, she returned thanks to Almighty God for protecting her through the night and prayed to guide her through the day. This prayer she put up in the name of her Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, for it was for his sake alone that she could hope that her praise and prayer would find favour with God.

To put her little room tidy, and get her breakfast, occupied but a short time, for it is astonishing how much we can do in a little time when we are really disposed to be industrious,

and Betsy Turner was not one of those who let the grass grow under their feet, especially when she could do an act of kindness.

There's none so kind in heart and soul,
In thought, and deed, and word;
So humble, gentle, patient, mild,
As those who love the Lord.

After knitting half an hour at a pair of stockings, away she trotted with a basket in her hand, into which she had put a few little things.

And first she called on poor old Deborah Jones, for she had promised to make her breakfast for her, poor Deborah being ill, and having no one to wait upon her. She rapped at the door, and then, putting her finger through a hole, she lifted up the wooden latch, and found Deborah just awake. After asking how Deborah had passed the night, she began as nimbly as could be to bustle about the kitchen, and to make herself useful.

She lighted the fire, put on the teakettle, swept the house, and dusted the chairs and table, and then went to Deborah Jones. In ten minutes Deborah was up and dressed, and in as many more Betsy had made her bed, swept the room, opened the window, and was in the kitchen making a cup of tea. While Deborah drank her tea, Betsy read the 23d psalm, beginning with, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want: a delightful psalm for the poor to read, and all who are in affliction; and for those who are drawing near to the gates of death. No sooner had Deborah had her breakfast, than Betsy began again to make herself useful: very soon the tea things were washed up, and set in order in the cupboard; the table wiped clean, and all made comfortable. Betsy then took up her basket, and wishing Deborah a good morning, trudged along through the village. Very soon she met a poor man, who asked charity. "My little maid" said he, "can you spare a halfpenny to a poor man, who has a lame arm and cannot work?" "No," replied Betsy, "for I have no money; but I will give you a little book that you may sell for a penny, if you will promise me to read it before you sell it." "That I will readily do," said the man, "if it is not too hard." Betsy looked in her basket, and gave him, "The Life of William Kelly, or the Happy Christian." "I wonder whether he will read it," said Betsy to herself, as she walked away; "but, O yes! I think he will, for he promised he would."

They who mean to do right themselves are not apt to think evil of others; and Betsy made up her mind that the tract might be useful. As she walked down the lane, she saw a poor black beetle lying on its back, and moving its legs in all directions to get up again, but in vain. Betsy turned it gently over upon its legs, and, after watching it for a moment went on singing to herself—
Bonny beetle! why should I
Leave thee to thyself to die?
Thou hast never injured me,
Let me then be kind to thee.
Bonny beetle! quickly pass
Hide thyself beneath the grass;
There thou mayst in safety dwell;
Bonny beetle! fare thee well.

They who love the Lord are kind to all things, and do not willingly injure the meanest creature that God has made.

Betsy had not gone far before she met a gipsy with a child upon her back; the gipsy had a tawny face, with very black hair, and wore a red cloak. "My little girl," said the gipsy, "I will tell you some good news for a penny." Now Betsy had been taught how foolish it was for people to have their fortunes told, so she replied, "No! no! I have no penny to spare; and if I had, your good news would not be true. Now I will tell you some good news for nothing." "Will you?" said the gipsy: "I wish you would then." Betsy opened a little book she had in her basket, and read this verse, taken from the New Testament; "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." The gipsy stood staring, but Betsy, having no time to spare, went on.

She afterwards stopped at two cottages, to teach some children to read words of one syllable, and then called to leave a night cap she had promised to the old blind blacksmith, who still lived on the common, and read to him a little book, showing how God in his mercy becomes eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame; and guides them by a way they knew not to the kingdom of heaven. She dined at her aunt's and after dinner had a delightful game to play with her cousins in the fields, for she was ever of a cheerful disposition. She lent some tracts in the village; rebuked a little girl who told a lie; comforted Ann Palmer, who had lately lost her mother, and encourage her to believe they would meet again in heaven; and read a tract to poor blind Susan. Thus did Betsy Turner, without money, and with a few means, make herself useful.

Thus did this simple child visit and assist the afflicted, instruct the ignorant, relieve the poor, reprove the wicked, encourage the good, and spread the gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. If ever, then, you feel disposed to say to yourself, "I don't know how to be useful," call to mind the usefulness of little Betsy Turner.—*Child's Comp.*

PERSEVERANCE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

The late Professor Heyne of Gottingen, was one of the greatest classical scholars of his own or any other age, yet he had spent the first thirty-three years of his life not only in obscurity, but in almost incessant struggle with the most depressing poverty. He had been born indeed, amidst the miseries of the lowest indigence, his father being a poor weaver, with a large family for whom his best exertions were often unable to provide bread. In the memoirs of his own life Heyne says:—"I want was the earliest companion of my childhood: I well remember the painful impressions made on my mind when without food for her children. How often have I seen her, on a Saturday evening, weeping and wringing her hands, as she returned from an unsuccessful effort to sell the goods which the daily and nightly toils of my father had manufactured." His parents sent him to a

child's school. Having learned every thing comprised in the usual course of the school, he felt a desire to learn Latin. A son of the school master was willing to teach him at the rate of fourpence a week; but the difficulty of paying so large a sum seemed insurmountable. One day he was sent to his grandfather, who was a baker, in pretty good circumstances, for a loaf. As he went along, he pondered sorrowfully on this great object of his wishes, and entered the shop in tears. The good tempered baker, on learning the cause of his grief, undertook to pay the required fee for him—at which Heyne tells us he was perfectly intoxicated with joy, as he ran, all ragged and barefoot, through the streets, tossing the loaf in the air, it slipped from his hand and rolled into the gutter. This accident, and a sharp reprimand from his parents, who could ill afford such a loss, brought him to his senses. What sustained his courage in these circumstances (we here use his own words) was neither ambition nor presumption, nor even the hope of one day taking his place among the learned. The stimulus that incessantly spurred him on was the feeling of humiliation of his condition, the shame with which he shrunk from the thought of that degradation which the want of a good education would impose upon him—above all, the determined resolution of battling courageously with fortune.—*N. E. Herald.*

HAPPY DEATH OF A SABBATH SCHOLAR.

Adelia A., eldest daughter of Moses Barnes, of this town, was called away by death, on the 6th of May last, in the 13th year of her age, after an illness of four months which she endured with great patience. At an early period she manifested a taste for reading, and her attachment to books became so strong as often to require restraint. She was fond of the Sabbath School and its instructions, punctual in her attendance and recitations, and was never urged to the pleasing task of getting her lessons. She also delighted much in attending the ministrations of the gospel, and always regretted to be detained at home on the Sabbath. In about six weeks after she was taken ill, her situation became alarming; and on being told, agreeably to her own request, that she had but a short time to live, she did not appear to be agitated at all but soon began to converse with the family. To her sister, aged 8 years, she said, "Do not mind little things—you often complain without cause. I have taken medicine for six weeks, and when it seems sometimes that I could not take it, I always thought of this passage, 'In your patience possess ye your souls,' and then I could take it." She charged her never to forget that scripture. Her sister voluntarily asked her forgiveness for ever having injured her feelings. "O yes," said she, "and I want you should forgive me." Her mother inquired if she ever thought what would become of her soul. She replied, "I have had many sleepless nights on that account, but I never mentioned it." Her father said to her, "you recollect the Saviour says, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, &c.' Yes," she replied, "and he says, too, those that seek me early shall find me." When the little children came around her bed, she said, "I wish to talk with you, but I am so weak that I can say but little. She then rested a few moments. Her mother asked her little brother if he did not wish to ask her forgiveness, which he did. "O yes," she said, "I can forgive you all freely. Brother P. I want you should attend a Sunday School; be sure and take your little brother H. with you, as soon as he is old enough. Dear little brother," added she, "how I love him." To her sister, in her sixth year she said, "I want you should go to the Sunday School. Be sure to remember and understand the instructions and profit by them. I can remember the first lesson I ever learned; it is the first chapter of John, eighteen first verses." Addressing herself to her mother, she said, "I wish very much to divide my things, but as it is the Sabbath day, I fear it would not be right."

On being told that she might do it, she proceeded very deliberately to make a division of the principal articles of her clothing, giving something to each of her brothers and sisters for them to keep as a memorial of her. After giving directions respecting the disposal of her books, making particular request that her Youth's Herald might be bound and preserved with care, she said, "Mother, as the children have got testaments, I give you mine, and when you all read for prayers you will remember me."

After this, to the surprise of her physician and friends, she so far recovered as to be able to walk and ride a little. While in this state of apparent convalescence, she often expressed a wish to be able to attend meeting and her beloved Sabbath school. Appearing at one time to be discouraged, she was reminded that many prayers were offered in her behalf. "You know, mother," she replied, "that every prayer does not avail; you know that President Bates told us, it was the effectual, fervent prayer that availeth;" referring to a sermon which she heard him preach, just before she was confined, from these words, "The effectual fervent prayer of the righteous man availeth much."

Notwithstanding these flattering indications of returning health, she soon relapsed, and all hope of her recovery vanished. For a week previous to her death, she was deprived of her reason except at short intervals. At one of these being asked by her father if she was afraid to die, she said, she was not. When asked if she loved the Saviour, she answered, "Yes;" and in reply to the inquiry whether she thought the Saviour loved her, she said that she did not know; at another time she said that she was happy.

Thus terminated the brief life of an extraordinary Sabbath scholar. Would not the young reader choose that his closing scene should be like hers? Learn then to prize Sabbath school instruction and every means of becoming wise unto salvation.—(*Brandon*) Ver. Telegraph.

TO WIVES.

Having recently taken the liberty of addressing young women who want to be wives, I use the same freedom with those who are already such.

Gentle and well timed reproof may often arrest the progress of drunkenness in its incipient stages. The longer the indulgence, the more callous the subject; and the admonition, which might have proved effectual, if seasonably administered, is now spurned as an insult. I am far from being insensible, my respected friends, to the embarrassed and perilous situation of the woman, whose husband 'is given to appetite' and she is not. Her reluctance to offend—her love of peace—her fear of the scandal of family dissensions; and her desire to treat his company with decency and respect; so often conflict with her own sense of moral duty, and the present and future interest of her family; that, though she 'carry smiles and sunshine in her face,' yet discontent sits heavy at her heart. In such a painful dilemma, what does prudence dictate, but suavity of demeanor and gentle remonstrance? But let advice be given in moments of calm retirement and sober reflection; but never before company—nor in terms of reproach. I was well acquainted with a worthy woman, who restrained her husband's excesses without even a reproving word. When he returned from the club, a little 'too much by the head,' her rule was, to place a mug of cold water by his bed side; and when the thirst created by the liquor awakened him, the welcome beverage was within his reach. He felt the force of this silent admonition, and the dread of its repetition kept him in check. But the most imminent danger that threatens a woman, is when she has a kind husband, and all the indulgence he requires of her is, to be 'pardon'd in this one thing,' the moderate use of strong drink; and is unhappy unless she shares with him, in what he terms innocent gratification. Here is a temptation which but few women can resist; and thousands have been thus enticed, to the ruin of themselves and families. It would betray ignorance of the human constitution, to suppose that females possess no appetites for exhilarating beverage; for although the tea cup affords the most delicious nectar to those who claim any share of refinement; yet the debased of the sex will eclipse, in sensual depravity, the most venereal male sot. Late accounts from dissipated Europe state, that the number of vulgar female debauchees greatly exceeds that of the male, particularly the gin drinking rabble.

Let those whose 'heads are waters, and eyes fountains of tears weep, day and night,' for the fate of the virtuous and unoffending wife, who is yoked to a besotted, mean spirited, drunken husband. She is indeed miserable! Her humane intention and meritorious services, are repaid with brutality and ingratitude; and her only consolation is in the conscientiousness of well doing, and confidence in Him, who will not see the righteous man forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.—*National Philanthropist.*

MISSIONARY ANECDOTE.

A pious young man, who was desirous of devoting himself to the work of the ministry among the heathen, and had been recommended with that view to the London Missionary Society, on undergoing the usual examination, stated that he had one difficulty; he had an aged mother entirely dependant upon an elder brother and himself for maintenance; and, in case of that brother's death, he should wish to be at liberty to return to this country, if his mother were still living, to contribute to her support. Scarcely had he made this ingenuous statement, when a harsh voice exclaimed, "If you love your mother more than the Lord Jesus Christ, you will not do for us." Abashed and confounded, the young man was silent. Some murmurs escaped the committee; and he was directed to retire while his proposal was taken into consideration. On his being again sent for, the venerable chairman, (Dr. Waugh,) in tones of unaffected kindness, and with a patriarchal benignity of mien, acquainted him that the committee did not feel authorized to accept of his services on a condition involving uncertainty as to the terms; but immediately added, "We think none the worse of you, my good lad, for your dutiful regard for your aged parent. You are both acting in conformity to the example of Him whose Gospel you wished to proclaim among the heathen, who, as he hung upon the cross in dying agonies, beholding his mother and the beloved disciple standing by, said to the one, 'Woman, behold thy son!' and to John, 'Behold thy mother!' My good lad, we think none the worse of you!"—*Life of Dr. Waugh.*

If God did not hate sin, repentance would be needless; and if he would not pardon it, it would be hopeless.

LUMBER.

THE Subscriber would inform his friends and the public in general, that he has resumed the Lumber business at his Lumber Yard in Front Street, 10 rods south of Morgan Street, where will be kept constantly on hand an assortment of

LUMBER,

consisting of all the different kinds used for building. PERSONS wanting Lumber of any description will please call and examine for themselves before they purchase elsewhere.

ELIAS SNOW.

Hartford, June 12, 1836.

WOOL CARDING.

THE subscribers with card Wool this season, at two cents the pound. LOOMIS & HATHAWAY. Suffield, June 12, 1836. 21—3wp.

TRACT DEPOSITORY.

THE Depository of the Connecticut Branch of the Baptist General Tract Society, is kept by J. W. DIMOCK, at the Exchange Buildings, where Tracts may be obtained by Societies or individuals on the same terms as at Philadelphia. JUST received at the Depository, an additional supply of Tracts, Nos. from 73 to 92.